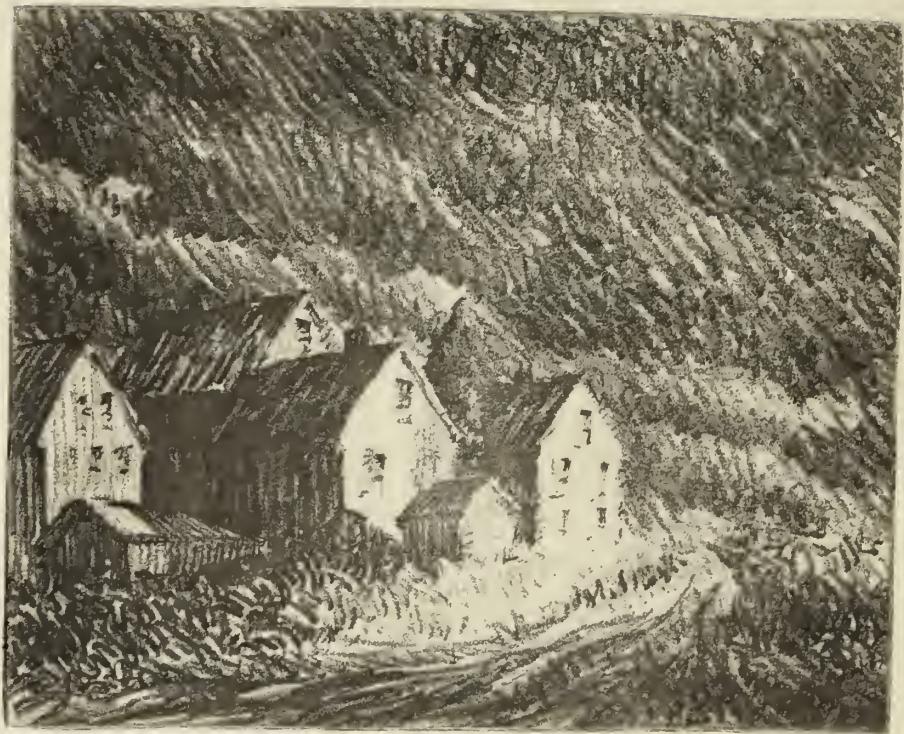


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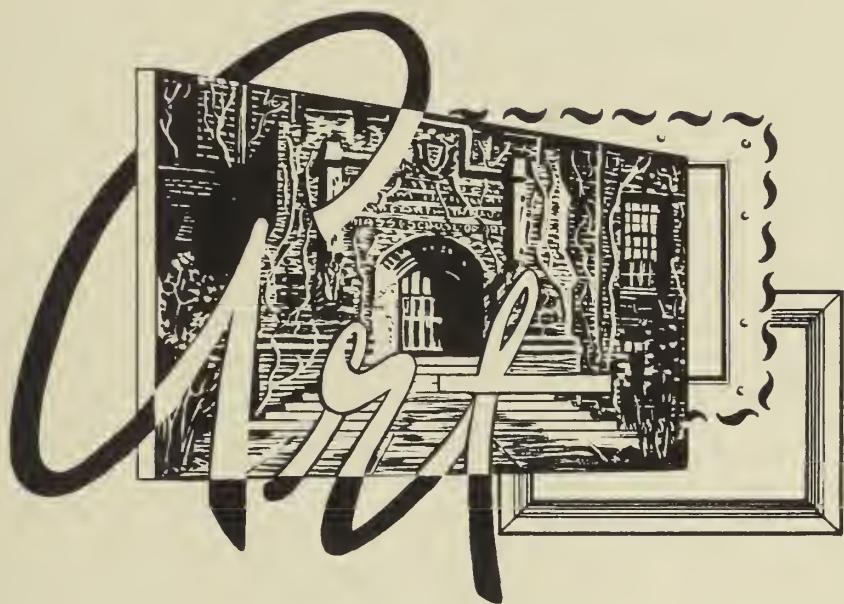
-J. Guzman -



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MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF



ANNUAL

. . . To Gordon L. Reynolds, who donned his Presidential robes the year we first sported our green smocks, to his youthful spirit yet mature comprehension of the growing art student's mind, to his continued emphasis on the vast possibilities of new vistas, we make this

Dedication



called to duty in April . . .

Club Program Director of American Red Cross—overseas duty

Foreword

During the past year the war has forced upon each and every one of us a new sense of values. The successful prosecution of this world struggle has necessitated drastic changes. This essential reorganization of the pattern of our lives has, in most cases, been accepted with the true American spirit. How completely the Axis misjudged us when they attacked, believing that we were a weak people and that we would crumble under pressure! As a nation we grow stronger daily. It is true that throughout our country men and women of all ages are serving well. When we view America's effort as a whole, the contribution which we in this institution are making is small—but I am proud of the faculty and students of the Massachusetts School of Art. You have worked hard and have made personal sacrifices.

In being awarded the coveted Regional Office of Civilian Defense Victory Pennant, the school and you have been significantly recognized. I gain new courage in the knowledge that your contributions will be even greater as the days pass. The M.S.A. Alumni are likewise proud of your spirit and your desire to perpetuate that which they have passed on to you—high ideals coupled with a deep concern for art which is contemporary and of the best service to mankind.

GORDON L. REYNOLDS, President



Vera di Stefano

CLASS OF *forty-three*

We were awed by the very halls of M.S.A. Then the sublime silence was shattered by the upper-classmen's glad-ragging and wise-cracking in unrestrained voices. And we were in!

With our gargantuan portfolios we buffeted winds and jabbed unsuspecting fellow passengers in the back, and we didn't escape the feeling of being a public menace until we entered the building.

As our senses explored, we prepared to catch up and fling back the artistic challenge. The richness of our lives beat a rhythm that swelled to a resounding symphony.

The push was on! Feverishly we accented and beat out the pace—pen and ink, scratch-board, oils, life, water color, realism, abstractions. A plaid prance, another dance—giddy, you say? Ah, no, we were fresh with life, and we knew how to laugh uproariously.

Direction was clear. What had an artist to show? Keeper of the people's morale, a note that stimulated a surge of action; this was our reply—war posters!

Force is interlocked with force. Yet because we believe that right is might, we step forward, understanding, strong, ready to accept our responsibilities.

Our physical strength and our daring imagination are surely materials upon which a nation is built, and upon which rest the peace and beauty of the world.



BETTY POLLOCK—G.D.

Sophisticated lady of impeccable beauty, turban and diamond ring, spurred on by a dependable reserve of brain power—simplified designs, emphasized by outline. With a meeting to attend and calls from the Dean, our class president and co-editor of the "Brush-Off" is definitely "on the road."



WILLIAM APATOFF—G.A.

From cupid-bow lips comes a steady stream of Robelaisian comments which have seldom been heard in the halls of M.S.A. Likable, with his alternate moods of touching sincerity, and outrageous chivalry. Known for his dreamy paintings, his love for the beautiful, be it neuter or feminine.



MURIEL FIGENBAUM—T.T.

Blonde hair and an enviable Norwegian complexion. With the expression, "Isn't that exciting!", Muriel keeps us posted on library shows of the moment and amusing anecdotes about visiting celebrities. Always a step ahead of the deadline, she leaves us trailing along in wonder and admiration.



DAVID BERGER—G.A.

A poker face topped with a mop of hair which defies the persuasions of his comb. Personable and unassuming, a first-rate entertainer and sincere painter (with an obvious fondness for Indian Red). He is singularly blessed with a charming friend, a perfect complement for his unusual personality.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

MARJORIE POLLOCK

PRESIDENT

DAVID BERGER

VICE-PRESIDENT

WILLIAM APATOFF

SECRETARY

MURIEL FIGENBAUM

TREASURER



CHARLOTTE ALBERTS—T.T.

Energy plus, always rushing "some-where." Jobs, parties and teaching are tackled with super-efficiency. Knitting needles flash, completing socks, gloves and sweaters for friends. Her radiant good nature never fails—"Everything happens to me." Solicitor for Russian War Relief.



EDNA BABCOCK—C.D.

Luscious hair well wrapped in a turban—she arrives soon after Irene and tells of the crowd at Park Street. Ever efficient, hers is a continual round of home lessons, social activities, and business ac-tivities. Neat and smart, this quality is reflected in her creations.



CYNTHIA BELGRAVE—G.A.

Joins discussions at the drop of a hat—talks of clothes, colors, ravishing effects. She's a gal who "Spres-ses herself." Innuendoes so typical of her, strong, full of vigor, humor, and wisdom. All of these qualities are mirrored in her work—A jitterbug with a Back Bay accent.



HELEN BEROW—G.A.

The run of her cheery patter—"Guess what girls?" or "I think I can save from my budget this week!" or "I saw the cutest little _____. Our ray of sunshine be-lieves marriage has made her "Oh, so understanding!" Her answer to everything "Well, Herbie likes it!"



WINIFRED COX—G.D.

With red barns and fences, her modern design makes the big difference. She knit up her ideas, and Santa brought her what she wanted for Christmas. A veil of sarcasm encircles her genial personality. Leader of the discussion group—outbursts of the next trip to New York.



VIRGINIA CUMMING—G.A.

Last word in neatness, and tact—a colorful and vigorous craftsman, whose strong work belies her slim, unruffled appearance and winning smile. Given a task, she does it, and well. Prize winner of the Columbia Record contest. Active in various war services, with a special devotion to the Navy.



VERA DI STEFANO—G.A.

They say "still water runs deep," but now and then she comes forth with remarks unexpected, astounding, and clever. Seemingly aloof, her power of understanding proves her remoteness to have been devoted to thinking, all of which is obvious in her sensitive work.



MARIAN J. CHODAKOWSKI—T.T.

Blue and yellow are my favorite colors! Blonde Marian, with two rings and a husband at Annapolis, is proof that there is hope for other T.T.'s. We admire her vivacity and B-1 energy. Leader of the scrap drive last year, she is a staunch promoter for War Effort.



HESTER DOLBEAR—C.D.

Dirndl skirt, white in winter, green eyes twinkling to match her solitaire, a bunch of celery, well-packed lunch box, and a dash of self-analysis—"Hesse," our champion of the oppressed and collector of little people. Green stockings, faculty impersonations, and A's in Art History.



UGO D'ONOFRIO—G.D.

"Our pal Donof"—a skillful designer with a genius in the fine arts—with wisdom, sincerity, and judgment. Despite his aversion to the abstract, he quickly and deftly expresses the modern. Quiet? Well he was once! Controversial, he doesn't believe it takes two to make an argument.



ELEANOR FULLER—T.T.

From the wilds of East Bridgewater, where to shop one goes "down street," comes Eleanore. Blue eyes, brown hair, satin finish—with a smile and sympathetic ear to tales of woe, and Marie's subtle jokes which only she can get. Brown bag and trips to the post office.



LEONARD GOLDBERG—G.A.

He of the cherubic face and fetching widow's peak. The undisputed pet of the class, so nice to tease. Well-informed about art and music, with definite cast-iron opinions about both. The ease with which he achieves success in his work is the despair of his classmates.



LOIS GUSTAFSON—T.T.

Poised, serene, with personality and diplomacy that we envy—gifted with a sense of humor and a knack for getting things done quickly. Stories about her family and social life are forthcoming every day. A member of the Motor Corps, she handles the automobile with efficiency.



JANET HALL—T.T.

Our craftsman, she taught us with great patience to tie knots and helped us when we felt like giving up. She put up her hair one day, and before us appeared a sophisticate. Comes in buried under materials when everyone else forgot. Conscientious and sincere.



MARTHA HASKELL—G.D.

With a smile, a twinkle and "Well-ll" Martha tells of fascinating adventures. Work meticulously done, colorful, speaking highly of her apartment life. "We have a new scheme," she exclaims, and reveals how she can eat beans seven days a week. Our strawberry blonde from Maine is busy as a bee, full of pep and vigor.



PRISCILLA GOODWIN—G.D.

Laughs and the world laughs with her. Friend to all, bubbling with energy, an all-American girl. Equipped with the latest little moron joke, another victim of apartment-life malnutrition. Seeking advice on all subjects from love to industry from the little man with the great mind—Donof.



ANNA HOGAN—T.T.

Always cheerful and ready where assistance is needed. Remember her explanations and stories, complete with gestures and a sense of humor? Conscientious and sincere, with an eye to the future. Settlement houses and camps are her specialties. Ask her about the girl who drew flowers.



RUTH HOLT—G.D.

"Pep and Go," abstractions, and ducks classify this winsome miss. The brains behind the mass production of her Keep Mum poster. Hers is a direct approach to design, with as much directness in completing ideas. Repercussions of Maine weekends, and "I come first after cameras and boats."



MARY KELLY—C.D.

S.A. president rushes through the halls with a sheaf of papers and "Roberts Parliamentary Order." Tailored suits, lilting stride, icy hands, an iron-hand-in-the-velvet-glove technique. Possessor of an amazing collection of earrings. Notice the latest? Marine insignia.



IRENE MAC MILLAN—C.D.

Devilish twinkle in her pretty eyes belying the shirred sophistication of that purple silk gown. Illustrations, color as sparkling as her laugh, keeps things perpetually alive. Our own Daché, creates filmy hats, voluminous pocketbooks. We'll look for our modern Venus on the pages of *Vogue*.



PRISCILLA MARSH—G.A.

Our proof that the Navy prefers blondes! Contrary to "beautiful but dumb," we hear "Pinkie" was accepted by Harvard but honored us instead. A marvelous sports-woman. Usually the quiet type, she's known to come forth with giggling spells when in the mood.



CHARLES MARTENS—T.T.

Philosopher on all subjects, his specialty being Progressive Education. Ready to give Miss Nye the man's "point of view," casual to the n'th degree, tall, and pal of equally lengthy Kilday, now of the Navy. Here's to the solution of his dreams and problems on education.



ARLENE MASINO—T.T.

Vivacious, petite, entertaining and flirtatious, Arlene dashes around with vitamin pill energy. She whips up a water color that sparkles, or a ring for her brother, "and he actually wears it—imagine!" She has us still wondering about that Huntington Avenue Sailor Conga Line(!)



ELIZABETH MALONEY—G.D.

Versatile Betty breezes in laden with layouts, clad in beanie and knee socks. A slick designer, a character actress and "tap dancer." Our Year Book editor is a thorough worker and experimenter. A prize-winner—she's going places even tho' some one stole her watercup inscribed—MALONEY.



MARJORIE MCKOWEN—G.D.

Gypsy personality, black eyes dancing over the latest dynamic idea, which she can't wait to start and can't start to finish. Lively illustrator of animals, cartoons, pickaninnies—lover of books. "Angel child's" schedule seldom coincided with that of the General Designers'.



PATRICIA PHILLIPS—G.D.

Able designer, accomplished musician, persistent worker, a girl with a mind of her own, restrained and wise. Brown eyes and deep purple. Never loud to claim success, but surely slated for it. Ambitious floral patterns for wallpaper and fabrics, and the first to start and finish a problem.



HELEN PIELKA—C.D.

Our bachelor, our career girl, our music lover, the one with the dramatic ideas, the one who indignantly insists "I'm not indignant!" and to prove it chuckles merrily the next instant. Bare midriffs, snoods, Chinese influence—her thoughts are turned to the theater.



MARIE RAFFERTY—T.T.

Shades of Amber and brown, our Marie with personality and dress as smooth as her work. Clever crafts-woman in the spirit of tomorrow. Always ready with the newest moron joke, or fascinating tales of the latest "House" happenings. We all envy her "living in."



DOROTHY ROCKMAN—G.D.

Overloaded with supplies and wearing a Friday afternoon grin from ear to ear, she arrives each day exuberant, only to find she forgot her design. A literary artist, loves the excitement of New York and colors of Mexico. Her work suggests Rivera and she tackles it with zest.



FRANCES ROSE—G.A.

From frivolous facetious freshman to a charmingly wise, gracious, and well-informed senior, though the source of information is still a subject for debate. And yet precious flashes of the old—beguiling pig-tails, happy, slightly moronic grin, and "What have you got for lunch?"



MOLLIE RUBENSTEIN—Modeling

Our Huckleberry Finn, always ready for duck-shooting at 3:00 A.M. Miss Physical Science till '43. Flower-decked up-do—she demonstrates the new leap in the air from her latest activity, her interpretative dancing class. Her \$64 question—"Can't I do it in clay?"



MARY REARDON—T.T.

A dry humorous remark, a twinkle of the eye, and again the seriousness of the moment is disrupted. Sketches of babies that always look like her are dashed off with a deft hand. Stories of her family send us off into gales of laughter. She's dependable and able.





ROSLYN SCHRIER—C.D.

The prize for concentration goes to Roz, but mention something that interests her, like Brown, and she emerges magically from the cloudy haze. Elegant figures for illustration, gay colors, clever ideas, lovable laughter reflected in everything she does. We worried through one knitted khaki scarf with her!



BERTA STIGLITZ—G.A.

Strictly the blue pencil type, constantly trying to Bohemianize the class. Persuasive, generous—a fondness for guns, horses, Cuba, Oriental treasures—re-designing her living room, the topic of discussion for weeks. Well-informed on the displays of the 5th Avenue couturieres and books.



RUTH SWEET—G.D.

Her name is her trademark. Sweet, pert, flirtatious, auburn hair to match dark eyes that disappear in a laugh. Easy-going, unruffled disposition, she carries these qualities into every problem, doing each well and in its stride. Fine color, surety of line, good design, expert at splints.



RUTH WALKER—G.D.

She threatened to leave us for the W.A.A.C. but stayed to finish that whatever it is she's knitting. Generous, practical, profound reader, New York enthusiast, and admirer of Eliot O'Hara. At ten, her full course lunch begins.



IRENE SZTUCINSKI—C.D.

Don't let that little-girl-look fool you—there's a capable brain behind that velvet bow. Whips up a dream dress or a party, practically overnight. If skirts won't hang right or peplums won't pep, just call on little Irene. A trite remark, but true—she's the honey of a Seabee!



CONSTANCE BUSH—C.D.

Long hair, green eyes and magic touch in creating clothes that belong only to Connie, our naive sophisticate, quiet, genial and knowing—all kinds of letters—hm! And we were envious when she inherited that red brocade. Interests in the Navy and Harvard, the latter claiming most attention.



JEAN BACON—G.A.

"Until Johnny comes marching home again," Jean has her hands full with daily letters to far-off places and adjusting herself to explosive, "know-it-all" seniors, who found their blonde pacifist a lovely person in mind, body, and soul. First prize winner of the Columbia Record contest.



RICHARD FRENIERE—G.A.

No one enjoys himself as Dick does doing myriad horror pictures, etchings, and lithographs turned out à la Assembly Line. We're still laughing over his hilarious pantomimes. His following greatest among the freshmen girls, he is a welcome addition to our class.



BERTHA GARYONIS—C.D.

A designer to the n'th degree, Cookie whips up a dress at break-neck speed overcoming twisted sleeves and interlinings. Cries of frustration, dimples and brown eyes mingle—and behold—a creation! Corduroy, angora trim, floating net and dirndl's are her medium. Clothes with gay charm about them are the result.

JUNIORS

We returned to school full of lofty ideals: We should not let the war affect us; we should be artists and dress designers even though not essential to the war effort. What excitement, getting acquainted with etchings and lithographs, learning about fashion illustration and design. But there were too few of us—a change had to be made. Unanimously we chose to be with the seniors—to go on as best we could.



ELEANOR MORSE—C.D.

Elly, petite and blue eyed with a shock of curly hair and a smile to match, a never-ending source of pins and sandwiches, a shy, quiet air, broken occasionally by an astounding observation or a "Miss Flint!" that matches the best of ours; designs that personify her—a neat little dress with brilliant lively touches.



LENA SUHER—C.D.

"I've just got to have it done by Friday" and darned if she doesn't! She can sit and sew with the quietest of us and then park her needle and jitterbug with the liveliest. A letter a day between the model's poses. A happy disposition will ever carry her through.



PHYLLIS TOCK—G.A.

The hauntingly beautiful Phyl. To look at her is to think, "To her may be attributed the wisdom of the Sphinx." To know her is to find her intelligent and well read. Rare in that she keeps a truly open mind—she leaves room always for others' opinions. She's doing her bit through her U.S.O. work.

New adjustments, new contacts—we became absorbed in camouflage, airbrush, mechanical drawing, and costume research—in write-ups, having pictures taken for the yearbook. It has been a strange year, full of adjustments. We realize that our duty lies in doing a good job where we are most needed now. Eagerly, we look to the future.

PHYLLIS TOCK





MARY KELLY	PRESIDENT
PAUL MADDEN	VICE-PRESIDENT
RICHARD PALSON	TREASURER
WILMA COZAD	SECRETARY
UGO D'ONOFRIO	CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE
BETTY POLLOCK	SENIOR PRESIDENT
ROBERT FLANAGAN	JUNIOR PRESIDENT
GEORGE SHEDD	SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT
PAUL ROMANO	FRESHMAN PRESIDENT
DEAN MURRAY	
MR. PORTER	
MR. THOMPSON	

FACULTY ADVISORS

New officers were elected to
replace men who entered the service.

MARY KELLY	PRESIDENT
PAUL MADDEN	VICE-PRESIDENT
BEVERLY HALLAM	TREASURER
WILMA COZAD	SECRETARY
UGO D'ONOFRIO	CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE
BETTY POLLOCK	SENIOR PRESIDENT
MORTON SACKS	JUNIOR PRESIDENT
MARIWOOD MacLUCAS	SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT
JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS	FRESHMAN PRESIDENT

Student Association

This year the student body met the changed conditions of a war year. The serious attitude of the students was reflected in concentrated co-operative war work and cheerful sacrifice of social activities. Our service men's bulletin, "The Brush-Off," broadcast information on our school activities and provided a tie which neither distance nor time will sever. Just for cementing that bond the Association may feel that its efforts were successful.

MARY KELLY

• • •

Yearbook STAFF

"It can't be done!" they said. The budget so low—the time so short—the task so great—yet these were not sufficient obstacles to dull our enthusiasm. Thus we tackled the impossible. It meant hard work for our chosen few, but if this book brings memories of our spirited class, we can rest now—our work complete.

ELIZABETH MALONEY

ELIZABETH MALONEY
VIRGINIA CUMMING
RUTH HOLT
UGO D'ONOFRIO

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ASST. EDITOR
LITERARY EDITOR
ART EDITOR

LOIS GUSTAFSON
BERTA STIGLITZ
MARTHA HASKELL
MARJORIE POLLOCK

ASST. LITERARY EDITORS
PRODUCTION MANAGER





Junior Class

ROBERT FLANAGAN
MORTON SACKS
VIRGINIA CARTER
BERTHA GARYONIS

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER

Because some of the officers have entered
the armed service, new officers were
elected to replace them.

MORTON SACKS
VIRGINIA CARTER
BERTHA GARYONIS

PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER

Juniors at Mass. Art . . . Thus we may read it ten years hence, suggesting a strange, fast-moving year. We shared with other classes the strewing of the gang over the world. Divided, far-flung—still awake, alert, aware, learning! Restless tides of feeling followed the unpredictable world events. In school, ever-persistent battles to be fought and won by wielders of a craft that knows no bounds! We work today in a world of despair, for life tomorrow in a world of hope.

PHYLLIS RIEHL



Sophomore Class

G. JOEL SHEDD

PRESIDENT

ROBERT THRESHER

VICE-PRESIDENT

JEANNE MACCABE

SECRETARY

BEVERLY HALLAM

TREASURER

To replace some of the officers leaving for the
armed service, new officers
were elected.

MARIWOOD MacLUCAS

PRESIDENT

ROBERT THRESHER

VICE-PRESIDENT

JEANNE MACCABE

SECRETARY

KAY WAINWRIGHT

TREASURER

Undaunted, the Sophomore class has joined the all-out war effort.

Many of our classmates have entered the service. We miss them but know they, too, will cherish memories—the rush at the opening of the kiln, the toil on granite-like plaster, over-worked T-squares and triangles, and scars from over-exuberance in block printing.

Our enthusiasm has remained at a high pitch with knowledge of the privilege it is to continue our education. It is for us to work in the present and to look to the future, with a prayer for peace.

KAY WAINWRIGHT

Freshman Class

PAUL ROMANO	PRESIDENT
JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS	VICE-PRESIDENT
BARBARA CHASE	SECRETARY
EDWARD QUINN	TREASURER

Because some of the officers have entered
the armed service, new officers were
elected to replace them.

JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS	PRESIDENT
BARBARA CHASE	SECRETARY
MARGARET OBERTI	TREASURER

"Hal-o-o! Wait up!" Laughter, noisy rest periods, hubbub in the lunchroom—all evidences of the Freshman Class.

We were worried the first day, just as green Freshman Week, and just as cocky the three weeks following.

Faces smudged with charcoal and conti, hands caked with clay, smocks stiff with dried oils, lost under T-squares and drawing boards, we eased through doorways of knowledge.

Grimly we keep on, not forgetting the boys who have gone. Hopefully, we look to the future with faith in things to come.

JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS



Our Boys

This year with war ever-present in our minds, it is only fitting that we should dedicate a page to you boys who have answered our country's call to fight for the freedom we love and for our democratic way of life.

We shall miss you at graduation even as we miss you now. But we realize that you left your drawing-boards to create new designs on a larger canvas in order to insure future graduations at this school and at all American schools.

Beyond the power of words we are grateful to you for the sacrifices you are making that others may enjoy the privileges of a free world.

RUTH HOLT

Cpl. GORDON F. ANDERSON
Pfc. CONSTANTINE ARVANITES
NATALE T. BELLANTONI, S1/C
Pvt. DAVID BERGER
Pvt. BEN BLACK
Lt. WILLIAM R. CANDY
Pvt. JOSEPH COLETTA
Pvt. JAMES GILMORE
Pvt. LEONARD M. GOLDBERG
Pvt. JOSEPH HODGSON
Pvt. WALTER A. JONES
Av. Cad. KIERAN KILDAY
Pvt. WILLIAM MASON
CHESTER OKUNIEWICZ
Pfc. NORMAN B. PALMSTROM
Pfc. JACOB PANIAN
Sgt. RICHARD RILEY
Pvt. CHARLES WALKUP
Pvt. IRVING ZUSMAN

U. S. Army
U. S. Army
U. S. Navy
U. S. Army Air Corps
U. S. Army
U. S. Army Air Corps
U. S. Army
U. S. Army
U. S. Army Air Corps
U. S. Army
U. S. Army
U. S. Marines
Navy Air Corps
U. S. Army
Navy Air Corps
U. S. Marines
U. S. Army
U. S. Paratroops
U. S. Army
U. S. Army





ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The task is done. May we look back on our Annual as a project which represents many hours of hard work, mingled with pleasant associations and unselfish co-operation on the part of those who helped make our book possible. In our editors, Elizabeth Maloney, Virginia Cumming, Ugo D'Onofrio, and Ruth Holt, we found not only co-operation but a spirit that was to make our book the best.

To Eleanor Fuller, Lois Gustafson, Berta Stiglitz, Priscilla Goodwin, Mary Kelly, Hester Dolbear, Martha Haskell and Aviation Cadet Kieran Kilday go our appreciation for so capably doing the student write-ups.

To the Graphic Arts Department for their co-operation in producing the prints, and to Ruth Sweet, Marjorie McKown, Winifred Cox, Dorothy Rockman, Patricia Phillips and Priscilla Goodwin for their spottings on senior pages, a vote of thanks! Perham studios are to be congratulated for handling our class photographs so well.

In Mr. Butler, our new English teacher, we found a steadfast guide and a ready and willing helper. Mr. Thompson kindly contributed much time and patience to the work of assembling the material for the printer. Mr. Philbrick was a dependable mentor in checking our taste and of invaluable assistance in the production of the prints. Mr. Palmstrom, our new President, lent his wise judgment, encouragement and inspiration.

This book was Photo-lithographed by Spaulding-Moss Co. The type was set by Scott Monotyping Co. Paper: 100 pound Albian Offset Artic White Wove. Body type 20th Century Monotype No. 605 in 8, 10, and 12 point. Display types: Phenix and Kaufman Bold.

